Numb 162.

THE Pennſylvania GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Tueſday, December 28. to Tueſday, January 4. 1731-32.

ROYAL BENEVOLENCE:

A Poem, moſt humbly addreſs'd to her Majeſty Queen CAROLINE. *As it was preſented to the ſaid Queen's Majeſty by the Author, on Friday the* 2d *of October*, 1730, *at* Windſor-Caſtle. *To which is annexed, A* Poem on Providence. *Both written by* Stephen Duck, *Threſher and Husbandman, of the County of* Wilts.

MOST bounteous Queen, my grateful Thanks I pay,
Which ſcarcely for the Dreſs of Words will ſtay:
Your Royal Majeſty a Muck-worm took
From Labour, pleas'd with his mean trifling Book,
And now the Reptile at your Foot-ſtool lays
In humble Strains, to ſing your worthy Praiſe.
The Wits prophane may court *Urania*'s Aid,
And make Addreſſes to a fictious Shade.
But I need no ſuch Phantoms to inſpire;
Your Royal Bounty ſets my Soul on fire;
And what I lov'd before, I now admire.
As on our Parents, Labour was intail'd,
I work'd, and fallen State of Man bewail'd;
I pray'd for Eaſe from Sorrow, Want and Pain,
And labour'd, my poor Offspring to maintain.
Without ambitious Thoughts, or Wiſhes vain,
I found my Eaſe in only Reſt from Pain;
And bleſs'd the Giver, when I threſh'd the Grain,
Yet Want ſometimes would ſtare me in the Face,
And ſcarce my Labour wou'd ſupply my Race.
When Heav'n, in pity to my poor Eſtate,
Brought me in Favour with the Wiſe and Great:
And heaping Bounty upon Bounty more,
Rais'd me to Plenty from a Threſhing-floor.
Your Royal Goodneſs o'er my Cottage ſhone,
With brighter Beams, than did the riſing Sun:
And from a Barn, Companion to the Mice,
Plac'd me at Eaſe, and in a Paradice.
Under great Heaven, my Queen I muſt adore,
Whoſe bount'ous Soul no Captive needs implore.
Like *Phœbus*, in his Glory, all She ſees,
And bleſſes all in various Degrees.
May Heav'n preſerve all who ſurround her Throne,
And may her Line ne'er want a Royal Son.
Now, as I've leiſure Fancy to diſplay,
My Pen ſhall ever grateful Homage pay:
For ſure no Wretch can e're ſo ſtupid prove,
As to be blind to ſuch abundant Love.
What am I — What I was — From whence I came,
Are Thoughts can't leave me long without a Theme.
When e'er I view the Grain in Barn or Field,
Or ſee a Farm that does God's Bleſſing yield;
The Proſpect will ſuch Contemplation raiſe,
As muſt begin in Joy, and end in Praiſe.
No Meadow green, or Stack or Cock of Hay,
But where I view will furniſh an Eſſay:
And then the Objects of my Praiſe will be,
The mighty Lord, and her great Majeſty.
Our God, the Author of Benevolence,
Who does, by ſecond Cauſes, Gifts diſpenſe;
In Goodneſs as in Greatneſs infinite,
His Children to good Actions does excite.
He ſaw her Majeſty made up of Love,
And often heard her Oraiſon above:
To know his Will, and knowing it to do
His Work, is all She aims at here below:
Th'Almighty ſeeing ſo much Chriſtian Grace,
And how, on Earth, She ran the heavenly Race;
Has conſtituted Royal *CAROLINE*
His Agent here, to make his Glory ſhine.
The Noble, Great and Powerful, humbly kneel;
Submiſſive, full of Loyalty and Zeal:
And ask but to obey to all Commands,
Sign'd by ſuch juſt and mural Royal Hands.
The Poor anticipated need no more,
Than but to have it barely known they're poor.
Nay, ſome have ſtrove their Poverty to hide,
Through Shame, or what ſhould ſhame, remaining Pride:
But ſuch our Royal QUEEN in ſecret found,
And brought them out of Mire to bleſſed Ground,
And this contriving and performing Good,
Runs in each Vein of *Hanoverian* Blood.

On PROVIDENCE.

COULD Mortals taſte of heavenly Bliſs and Joy,
The Rapture would the Human Frame deſtroy;
Our little Minds, toſt with perpetual Cares,
Are loſt, when Grief or Joy comes unawares,
Exceſs ſhakes Nature, but Viciſſitude
In Moderation is an Interlude
When right apply'd to all our humane Good.
I, who have labour'd in a Threſhing-floor,
Was once contented in my State but poor,
Yet, like all Mortals, ſtill I pray'd for Eaſe,
But labour'd ſtill; like the induſtrious Bees;
Knowing the Winter comes, when Food is dear,
And Nature wants Supplies of wholeſome Cheer:
Juſtly to think, is Happineſs on Earth,
And cheerful Thoughts at Labour is ſound Mirth.
I, who have labour'd for a trifling Sum,
Was pleas'd to think the Time of Pay was come:
One Shilling goes for this, and one for that,
And ſtill the Flail went patt and patt a-patt.
The Wife would ſay, 'How can you be content?
I know not how to pay your Quarter's Rent.
I bid her look on Birds in Buſhes there,
And ſee the little ſilly Inſect here;
Behold the Order of the Univerſe,
And ask the Hen and Chickens for a Purſe.
She talk'd, like Women, guided by a Will,
Who nothing knew of real Good or Ill;

But

But when she had the Course of Things survey'd,
She own'd, what all must own, Heaven sends its Aid
To all its Creatures, Reason and Instinct joyn,
And both, with Care, compleat our God's Design.
A virtuous Man may various Troubles find,
But still the greatest Trouble's in the Mind:
The Death of Friends affects us ---- Poor, we pine;
But could we see our Maker's great Design,
There's some good End, and something that's Divine.

LONDON, Sept. 23.

A few Days ago a Person in the Neighbourhood of Louth in Lincolnshire was committed to Lincoln Goal, for the Murder of his Wife and Child; He confessed the Fact, and said, he was no way capable of maintaining such a Family by an honest Industry. He kill'd his Wife with a Wood Bill, and knock'd the Child's Brains out against the Wall: 'Tis further reported, that he would have kill'd his other Children (which are three) if he had not been prevented.

On Thursday her Majesty, together with the Duke and the three Princesses, made a Visit to Mrs. Simpson, whose Husband is one of the Keepers of Bushy Park: She is 106 Years old, being born in the Town of Cardigan in the Year 1625, is now in good Health, and has all her Senses (except Hearing) perfect: Her Majesty, after being highly satisfy'd with the Account she gave of her Manner of Living, and by which she had preserved herself to this good old Ages made her a Present of a small Purse of Gold.

Sept. 25. The following is a true and exact Account of the Misfortune which happened to the Sloop Dolphin and her Company, in her late Voyage from North-Carolina for the Island of Montserrat, loaden with Provisions and Lumber, Thomas Pilson, Master and Owner, Thomas Etheridge, Mate, Richard Banks, Wedrington Rance, Michael Jones, Samuel Fradin, and a Negro Man, named Ryan, Sailors.

On Thursday Morning, the 24th of June, about half an Hour after Eight, by a sudden Squall of Wind, the Sloop overset; and by the nearest Estimation, the Master reckon'd himself in the Latitude of 25, 30 N. Lat. and 63, 39 W. Long. Wedrington Rance, one of the Men was drowned, the rest of them got on the side of the Wreck; they had neither Water nor bread, nor any sort of Provision to subsist on; but the Negro, by often diving into the Wreck, found an Adz and a Hand-saw; they then cut the Rigging from the Mast, which soon came out, and on Tuesday the 29th of June the Sloop righted, but was full of Water, when they got at some Barrels of Water which were in the Hold, but the Salt Water had got into them, so that they could not drink it. About the same time they saw two Sail, but could not speak with them, not being able to make a Signal. On the 14th Day, after she overset, they caught a Shark, the blood of which the Men very greedily drank and eat half the Flesh. They having nothing to drink but their Urine, and what Rain came from the Heavens, one of the Men died for want of Water, as also did the Negro the 17th Day, the Mate the 18th, and another Man on the 19th. On the 15th of July, being the 21st Day after she overset, the Master and Richard Banks were taken up by a French Ship called the William and Thomas, Capt. John Torrey, Commander, from Martinico, bound to Havre de Grace, the Master being so weak when taken up, that he was not able to stand. After being seven Weeks at Sea, they arrived at Havre de Grace, where the French were very charitable, not letting them want for Necessaries whilst they were there. Capt. Richard Humphreys, Commander of the Charming Betty Snow, gave them their Passage for London, and the Master, Tho. Pilson, still remains on board, being afflicted with the Gout in both his Feet, and in a poor Condition, not able to help himself, but as Capt. Humphreys out of Charity assists him. On Tuesday last Mr. John Praed going on board Capt. Humphrey's Snow, and seeing the Master in so poor and miserable a Condition with the Gout, was so charitable and kind as to offer the Master Accomodation at his House for a Month, till such time as he might procure himself a Passage home to North Carolina.

Yesterday several Tons of new-coined Half-pence were delivered out at the Mint in the Tower.

PHILADELPHIA, *January* 4.

*** We have no Entries this Week, the River being full of Ice.

Prices of the following Goods, Wheat 2 s. 7 d. Flour 8 s. Midling Bread 12 s. Mixt ditto 10 s. Brown ditto 9 s. Rum 2 s. 10 d. Mellasses 17 d.

Buried in the several Burying-Grounds of this City in a Week past

Church - - - - -	1.	Baptists - - - - - - - - - -	0.
Quakers - - - -	0.	Strangers Whites - - -	0.
Presbyterians - -	0.	Strangers Blacks - - -	0.

Advertisements.

THESE are to give Notice to all Persons who have left any Guns in the Hands of Duncan Makenzie *late Gunsmith of* Philadelphia, *to repair to the Shop of* John Lee *in Second Street over against Mr. Andrew Bradford's, next Door to Mr. Nathanael Edgecome's, where they may have them upon paying the Charges; or otherwise, 40 Days after Date hereof, they will be put up at publick Vendue and sold by Order of* Alexander M'kenzie, *Attorney for the said* Duncan M'kenzie.

THIS is to advertise all Persons, That Solomon Fussul *now liveth in Second Street next Door to Mr.* Geo. Wilson, *Joyner, almost opposite to the Church,* Philadelphia, *and designs to work any woollen Cloth, or Clothes that want turning, to raise a Frise or Nap upon it according to the English Manner, with Care and Expedition: For he has been used to that Work in England, and has got things in Order for to do it, and at very reasonable rates: If any want to see some of his Work, it may be seen at his own House aboveſaid.*

For BRISTOL,

THE Brigantine Swallow, John Plasket, *Master, will sail in Ten Days. Freighters or Passengers may agree with* Simon Edgel *or* David Bush, *Merchants in Philadelphia.*

A Likely young Negro Man, and a Negro Woman fit for a House, both speak English; to be sold by Isaac Norris, *jun.*

LAtely Imported from Bristol, *in the* Jane *Galley, Likely Servants, Men, Women, and Boys, bred to most sorts of Business; Fine white Salt, Glass Bottles, and most Sorts of European Goods. To be sold by* Willing & Shippen, *at very reasonable Rates, at their Store on* Carpenter's Wharff.

RUN away from *Jonathan Tatnal*, near this City, an *Irish* Servant Man named *John Reddy*, is pretty tall, of black Complexion, wears his Hair, stoops a little in the Shoulders, has a sly Look, and a smooth Tongue without much of the Brogue, wears his Hat over his Eyes, and pretends to be a *Quaker*; works at Husbandry, and has been among the *Indians*. Took with him a grey Duroy Suit, Stockins of the same Colour, a coarse Shirt, a blue Jacket, a lightish colour'd Kersey Jacket, and a homespun greyish Coat, all plain made. Whosoever secures the said Servant, so that his Master may have him again, shall have *Forty Shillings* Reward, and reasonable Charges paid by *Jonathan Tatnal*, or *John Croker*.

TO be Sold on reasonable Terms, by Richard Jervas *Shipwright, A* BRIGANTINE *now on the Stocks near* Trenton, *which will be ready to be launch'd by the middle of* March *next at farthest; her lower Deck Beams being now in. She is* 48 *Foot* 9 *Inches by the Keel*; 18, 4 *Beam*; 8, 9 *Hold, and* 3, 6 *between Decks.*

VERY good Live-Geese Feathers, to be sold at *Evan Powell's* in *Chesnut-street*, next Door but one to *A. Hamilton*, Esq;

Jerman's ALMANACKS for 1752, and Godfrey's Almanacks, either on large Sheets or in Books, at 3 *s.* 6 d. per Dozen, sold by *B. Franklin.*

PHILADELPHIA: Printed by *B. Franklin* and *H. Meredith*, at the *New Printing-Office* near the Market, where Advertisements are taken in, and all Persons may be supplied with this Paper, at *Ten Shillings* a Year.